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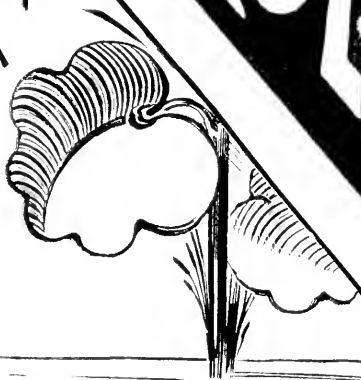
Price. 10 Cents.

MANHATTAN BEACH

CONEY ISLAND

L.F. EATON. JR.

BRIGHTON  
BEACH



G. Richardson, So. N.Y.

Published at 23 Dey Street, New York.

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## **TO THE NEW CONEY ISLAND PIER DIRECT.**

Steamers Leave W. 22d STREET, at 9.15, 9.45, 10.45, 11.15 A. M.

12.30, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 3.15, 3.45, 4.45, 5.15, 6.15, 8.00 P. M.

LEROY ST., 15 minutes and PIER 2. N. R. 30 minutes later.

Returning, leave from Pier every 45 minutes to 7 P. M. and 8 P. M.

Last boat leaves 10 P. M.

---

## **How to Visit the Entire Island.**

Take Steamboat to Norton's point, then Railroad for two miles to West Brighton, (Fare 10 cents); thence by coach to Brighton Beach, (three quarters of a mile Fare 5 cents); thence the Young Railroad, to Manhattan Beach, (one half mile, Fare 5 cents); thence to the extreme East end of the Island, on the Marine Railroad; Fare from Manhattan Beach and return 10 cents; distance one and one half mile.

---

## **BLACK-KING**

**will prevent the hot sands  
or salt water from injuring  
your Boots. It renders  
the Leather soft, and  
makes all boots and shoes  
WATERPROOF,  
WITHOUT INTERFERING WITH POLISHING.**

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For Sale at the Paper Stands at Hotels.

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Advertisements for next edition Secured at 23 Dev Street.



THE HISTORY  
OF  
CONEY ISLAND,

FROM ITS FIRST DISCOVERY IN 4, 11, 44, DOWN TO LAST NIGHT,

IN RHYME.

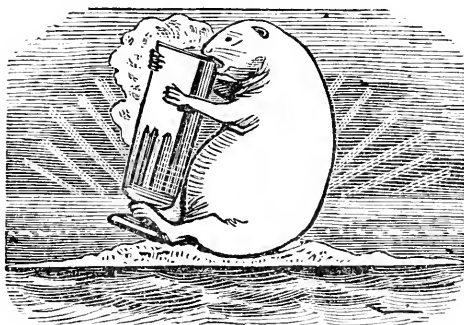
Adapted for all Children under eighty-five, and

*PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED*

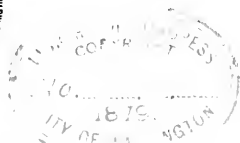
BY THE AUTHOR,

*H. T. B.*

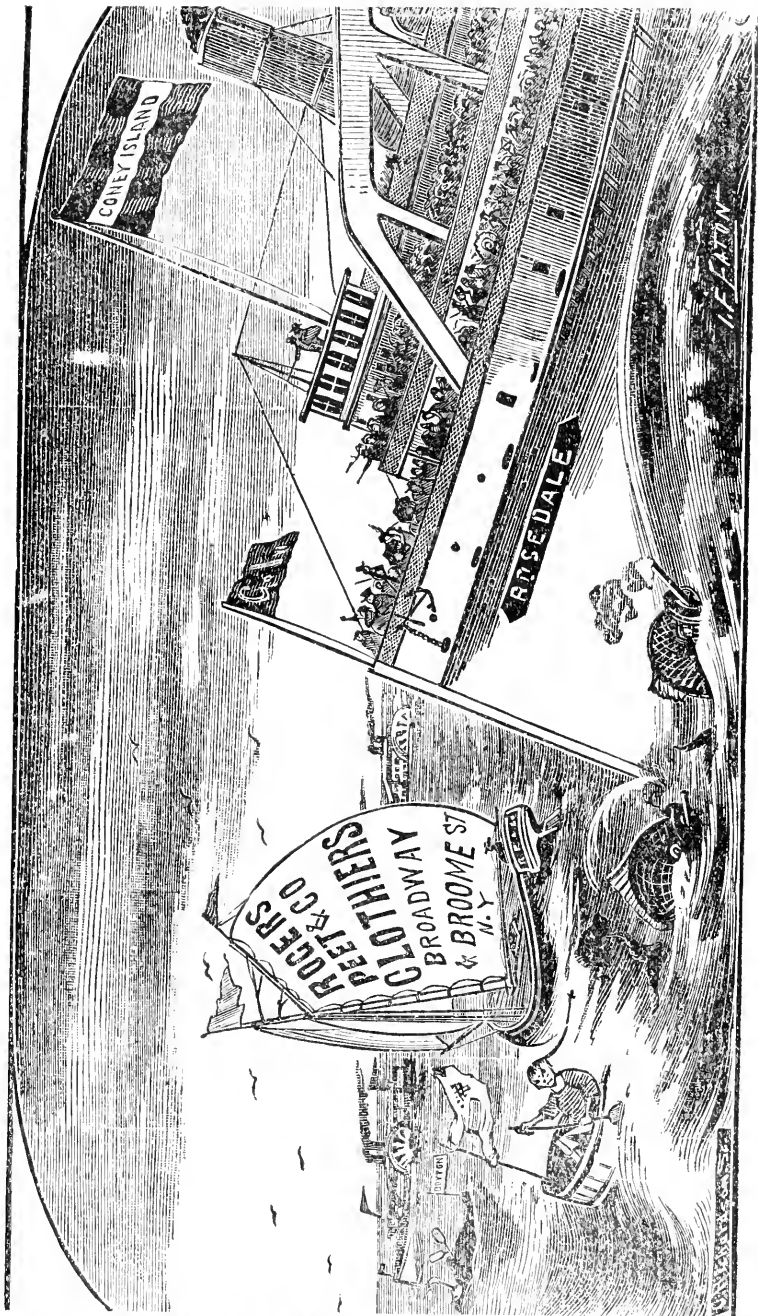
With Maps and Sketches in Water Colors, Drawings of Bier, and many  
Dry Cuts.



GREAT SEAL OF THE ISLAND.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by  
MORRISON, RICHARDSON & CO.,  
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.



GOING BY WATER.

**Steamer HAMPTON, via. Locust Grove, leaves:**

Foot of 22d St. N. R.

9.30 A.M.  
12.20 P.M.  
3.40 P.M.

Foot of Leroy Street.

9.40 A.M.  
12.30 P.M.  
3.50 P.M.

Pier 13, foot Cedar Street.

9.50 A.M.  
12.40 P.M.  
4.00 P.M.

GOING BY RAIL.



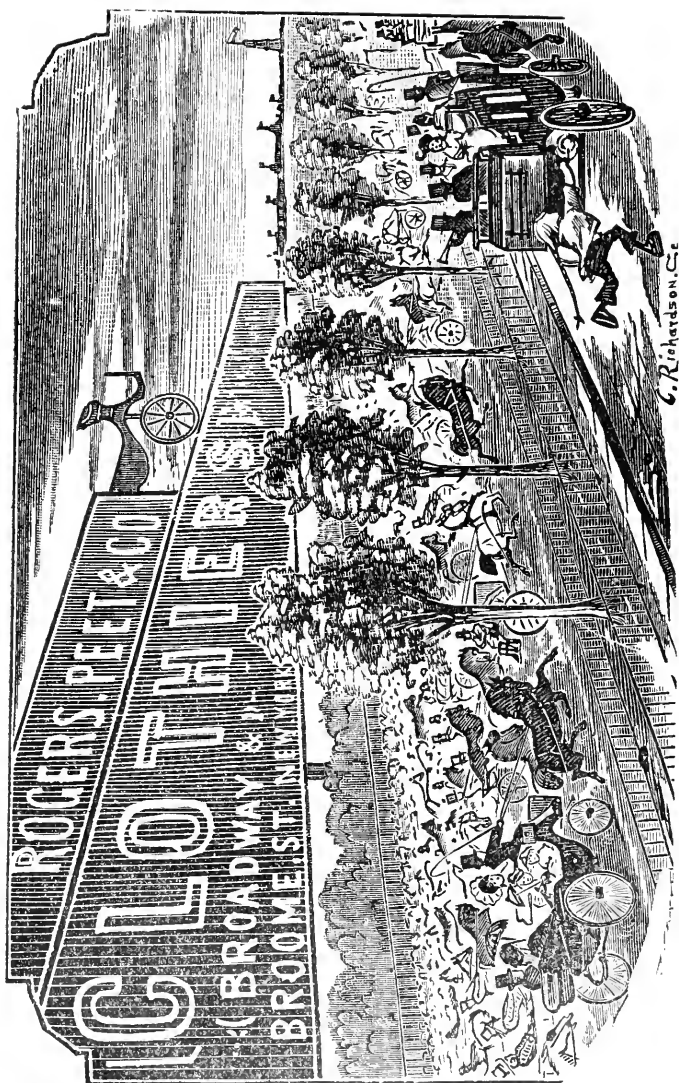
## Steamers Rosedale and Sylvan Dell for Coney Island Point leave

West 24th St.,	West 10th St.,	Franklin St.,	Pier No. 2.
9 A. M.	9:10 A. M.	9:20 A. M.	9:30 A. M.,

and every hour and a half to 3 o'clock from West 24th Street. Then at 4 P. M. and 6 P. M.

Returning, leaves Coney Island Point 10:10 A. M., 12 M., 1:20, 2:45, 4:30 and 9 P. M.

These boats connect with P. P. & C. I. Railroad for West Brighton Hotel, Cable's and New Pier.



THE DRIVE TO THE ISLAND.

## Prospect Park & Coney Island Railroad.

9th Avenue and 20th Street, Brooklyn.

Trains leave for West Brighton Beach, 6:30, 7:40, 9, 10, 10:30, 11, 11 30 A. M.  
12 M., 12:30, 1, 1:25, and every fifteen minutes to 10:30 P. M.

Returning, leave West Brighton Beach, 7:05, 8:10, 9:30, 10:30, 11, 11:30 A. M.,  
12 M., 12:30, 1, 1:25, 2, and every fifteen minutes to 11 P. M.



THE GREAT WALK TO THE ISLAND.

### Brighton Beach via Long Island Railroad.

Leave Hunter's Point, 9, 10, 11, 12 A. M., and hourly from 1:30 to 9:30 P. M.

Leave Brighton Beach, 8:40, 11:15 A. M., and hourly from 12:40 to 9:40, 10:10, 11:10 P. M.

## **Manhattan Beach R. R.**

### **GREENPOINT DIVISION.**

Trains leave foot of 23d St., East River, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45 A. M., and every half hour to 8:45 P. M.

Returning, leave Manhattan Beach, 7:35, 10, 11:05 A. M., 12:05, 12:30, 1:10, 1:30, 2:15, 2:30, 3:15, 3:30, 4:15, 4:30, 5:15, 5:30, 6:15, 6:30, 7:15, 7:30, 8:15, 8:30, 9, 9:30 and 10:35 P. M.

### **BAY RIDGE DIVISION.**

Steamers Thomas Collyer and Twilight:

22d Street, N. R.,	Leroy Street,	Pier 8.
9:10 A. M.,	9:35 A. M.,	9:55 A. M.
10:25 “	10:35 “	10:55 “

and every hour to 8:25 P. M. from 22d Street.

Steamer D. R. Martin leaves Whitehall St., 9:25 A. M., and every hour to 8:25 P. M.

Trains leave Manhattan Beach for Bay Ridge, thence steamer to New York, 8:10, 10:20, 11, 11:20 A. M.; 12 M., 12:20, 1, 1:20, 2, 2:20, 3, 3:20, 4, 4:20, 5, 5:20, 6, 6:20, 7, 7:20, 8:20, 8:55, 9:20, 10:25 P. M.

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## **THE NEW YORK**

# **ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION**

Will take Contracts to

**Light Hotels, Stores and Factories**

From Oct. 1, 1879,

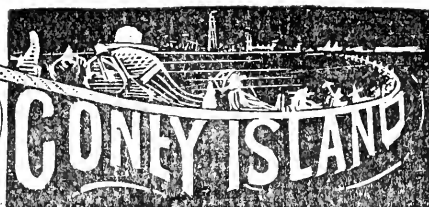
WITH ONE OR MORE LIGHTS FOR EACH ROOM,

AT A LOWER RATE THAN GAS.

---

**23 DEY STREET,**

**NEW YORK.**



Out in the ocean blue,  
 There is an isle of beauty,  
 A sunny isle and true,  
 That never shirks its duty.  
 All nations seek this spot,  
 Their bosoms void of fear,  
 For clam roasts smoking hot  
 And ice-cold lager beer.



For I'm called Coney Island, fair Coney Island,  
 Loveliest of islands am I,  
 Yet I'm called Coney Island, C.O.N.E.Y Island,  
 Though I could never tell why.  
 Yet I'm the great city's plaything,  
 For I've beaches for bathing.  
 As far as the vision ere reaches,  
 I've "Cables" and "Culvers"  
 With scores, too, of others,  
 The "BRIGHTON" and "MANHATTAN BEACHES."  
 For in spite of all temptations  
 To take other conformations,  
 I chose a front of sunny, sea-washed sand,  
 Though I might have been a high-land,  
 Or a flowery, wooded island,  
 Or a mountain on the dry land,  
 I remained just what I am.  
 Golden strip of ocean's coast,  
 A bathing place, Columbia's boast,  
 Home of whitebait and of clams.  
 Then give three cheers, and one cheer more  
 For the charms of Coney Island's shore,  
 For its clams and beer and ocean's swell

*HISTORY OF CONEY ISLAND.*

Are things the townsmen love full well,  
For Coney's beauties every body chants,  
And so do his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts,  
And as for his wives and his progenee  
They say there is no islelike me.

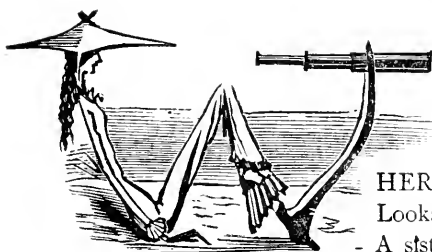
Now, doctors, I've important information,  
Sing hey the right good fellows that you be ;  
It concerns the very intimate relation  
Between Hygeia's sources and the sea ;  
For every robust nature loves the sea,  
Nor think, wise Æsculapius, I am speaking  
In praise of oceans foreign and afar,  
The waves I'd have your patients all be seeking,  
Break over Coney Island's golden bar,  
The near-by Coney Island's wave washed bar.



THE PEOPLE'S LINK TO THE ISLAND.



## CHAPTER I.

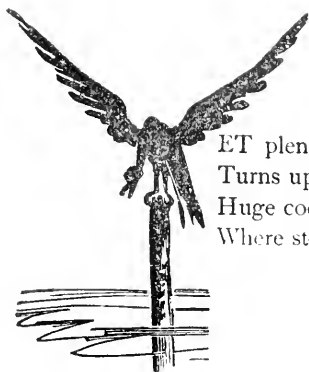


HERE old Long Island's southern shore  
Looks out upon the raging sea,  
- A sister island goes before,

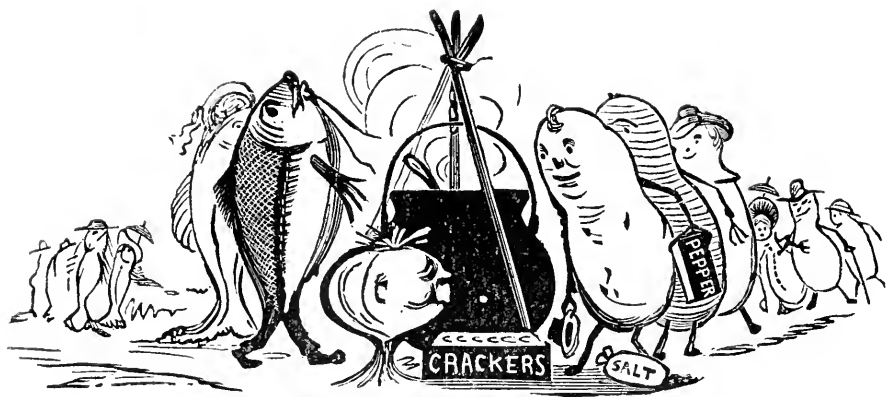
And tempts the surf with dainty knee ;  
And in the breakers lies and laves  
Her glistening bosom in the waves :  
So fair, she seems an isle of snow,  
Set in old ocean's ebb and flow.  
'Tis Coney Island, fairy ground,  
Where all that charms and cheers is found.  
No wooded vales or hills has she,  
No tropic wealth of vine or tree ;  
No prairies that outreach the eye,  
No mountains climbing to the sky ;  
No leaping torrents, boiling springs,  
No jungles filled with snakes and things,



OR cocoa groves where monkeys scream,  
But then, she has "Manhattan Beach."  
A land unclothed with grain or fruit,  
But fairest in a bathing suit.

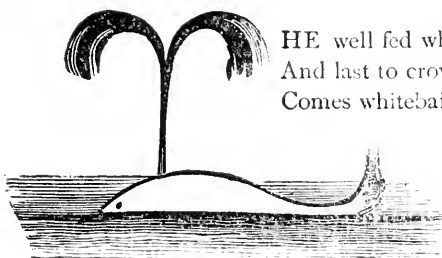


ET plenty reigns, for her rich coast,  
Turns up "dead loads" of clams to roast.  
Huge cod and sea bass crowd the spot  
Where steams the chowder in the pot ;



A CHOWDER PARTY.

And oysters slip for fries and stews,  
From shells like " No. 14 " shoes.  
Here, urged by nature to abound,  
The ruby lobster roams around,  
Sweet-hearted soul as one e'er saw,  
Who has for all **the** world a claw ;  
With egg and oil and lettuce in  
He's the ideal Salad-in.  
Here, natives of this bounteous land,  
Soft crabs and clams walk hand in hand ;  
Sheepsheads and skates and terrapins,  
And everything with tails or fins ;  
White fish and black fish here abound,



HE well fed whales go spouting 'round;  
And last to crown the list of fishes,  
Comes whitebait, best of English dishes.

No island in the tropic zone,  
Can boast such riches of its own,  
For Kidd his treasure buried here,  
They've found it now—'twas lager beer.

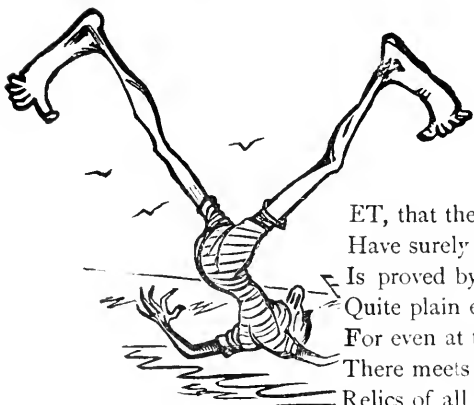
Way down its annals first begin,  
Where History sticks her shortest pin,  
And borne on Time's unceasing flight,  
Comes down to ten o'clock last night.  
Nay more, this is her proudest boast,  
Time filled his sand glass on her coast.



THE COUNT DISCOVERING CONEY-AC.

Who peopled first this fair domain,  
The Count Joe Hannis wont explain.  
Perhaps Phoenicians first invaded,  
And in the breakers bare-legged waded;  
Or here Egyptians steered their galleys,  
Or Romans roamed her hills and valleys.

Perhaps the Greeks, perhaps the Scythians,  
But never mind, it makes no difference ;  
Whoever 'twas, found heaps of rich things,  
In sampling first her clams and sich things.



ET, that these duffers of the past,  
Have surely been here, first or last,  
Is proved by facts no one denies,  
Quite plain enough for skeptic eyes.  
For even at this day of grace,  
There meets you here in every place,  
Relics of all these ancient races,

In Roman noses, Grecian faces,  
And sometimes in sequestered ground,  
Are traces of old Faro found.



TRACES OF FARO.

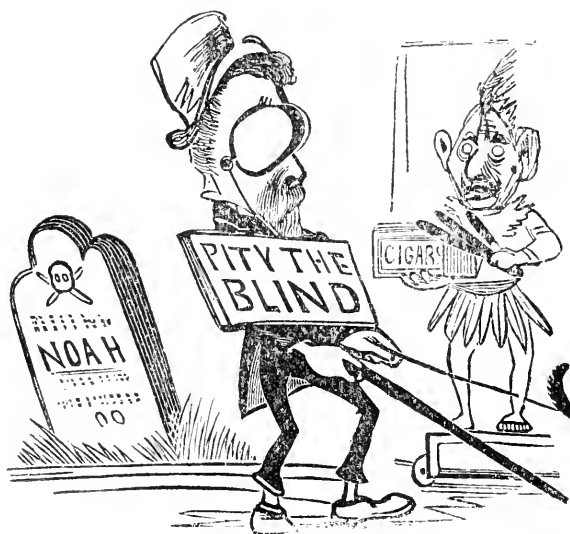
But relics are not her delight,  
She joys in what is young and bright ;  
And when the glass at 90° stands,  
And youth and beauty crowd the sands,  
When clams and beer begin to sizz,



H! what a lovely spot this is  
To Norton's, at the western end,  
Crowds from the steamboat's landing wend;  
The brave and fair meet side by side,  
Where from the broad Atlantic's tide  
The swell rolls in with constant roar,  
To meet the "swells" upon the shore;  
Who, issuing from the bathing houses  
In clinging suits and flowing blouses;

Both sexes in the waves are met,  
Who plunge, and posture, and coquette.

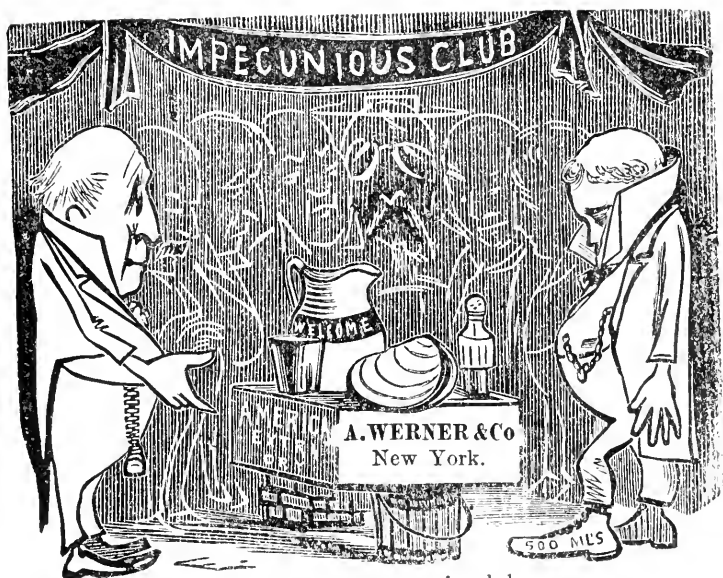




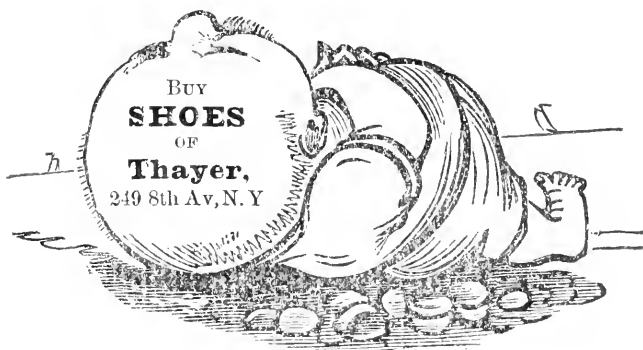
THE THREE MEN WHO NEVER SAW CONEY ISLAND.

How welcome then the waves caresses,  
What grateful garments—bathing dresses,  
As on her threshold, glad to greet us,  
Old mother Ocean flies to meet us ;  
Like children who have long been strangers,  
Exposed to distant lands and dangers,  
With outstretched arms she hastes to take us,  
And hugs us in her mighty breakers ;  
And slains us down and dances round us,  
And treads upon, and tries to drown us ;  
With sand and seaweed decks our tresses,  
And fills our mouths with briny messes,  
But swells our lungs with pure ozone,  
And screws our muscles into tone ;  
Works on the outer man and inner,  
And makes us long for love and dinner

A loving nurse Old Ocean is, but oh,  
Don't let her ever get you under tow.



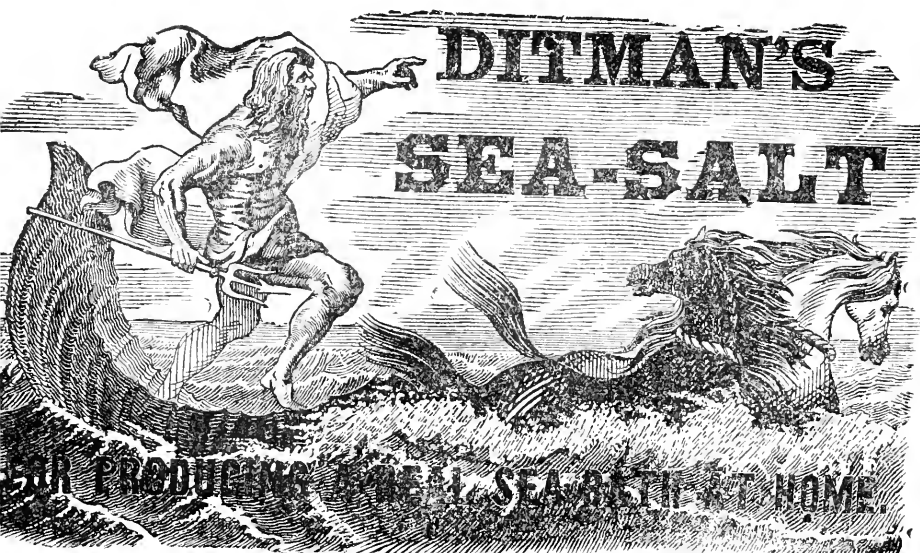
Here met the famished men who dub  
Their band the "Impecunious Club,"  
And clams were all that they were able  
To put upon their meagre table,  
And yet, despite such scanty cheer,  
They get a meal but once a year.  
They dined on clams and water pure,  
And gave the fragments to the poor.  
Care to the winds then each one gave,  
And drowned his sorrows in the—wave.



Fair Island, in thy mid-day dress,  
Words fail to tell thy loveliness,  
But when the sun sinks in the west,  
'Tis then you seem the loveliest ;  
For then thy sands are turned to gold.  
The ocean into silver rolled ;  
The sky puts on a deeper blue,  
The clouds blush to a brighter hue.  
The breezes stir, the air grows fine,  
You feel it stiffen up your spine  
Just like a bottle of old wine.

---

This happy thought to Ditman brought  
Inspired him with the notion  
To have the salts from Neptune's vaults  
Brought from the depths of Ocean.  
So that by subtle chemistry  
You in your bath tubs have a mimic sea.

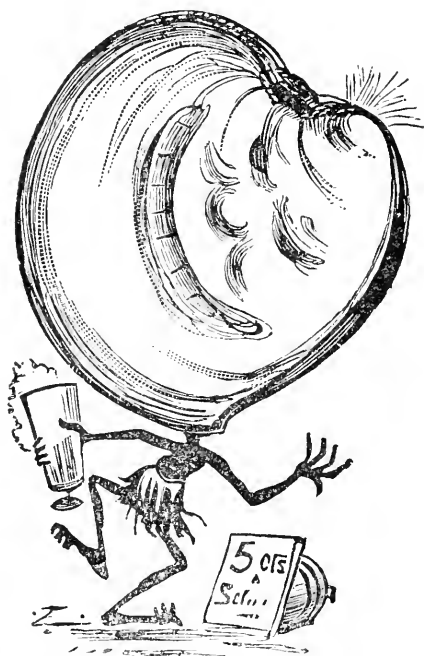




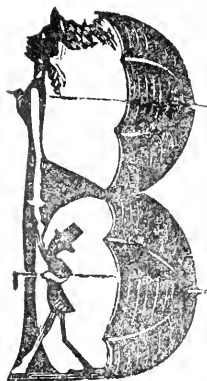


## CHAPTER II.

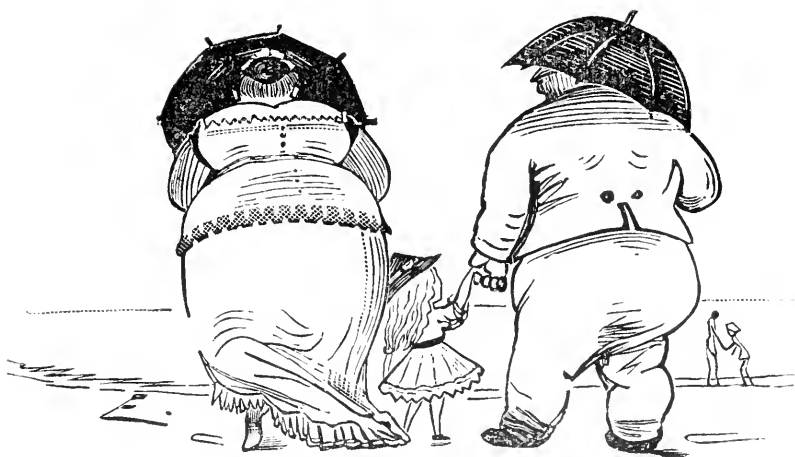
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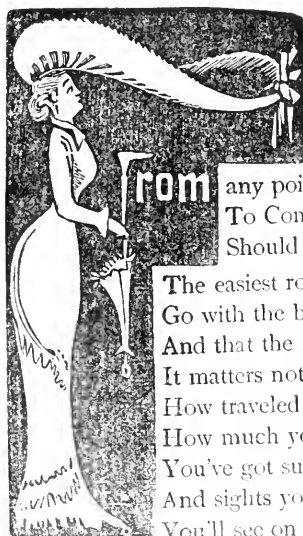
THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF CONEY ISLAND.



REATHES there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said—  
I will some maiden fair implore  
To go with me to Coney's shore ?  
If such there be, let him repent,  
Before his money is all spent :  
And with sweet words let him invite  
The gentle girl to this delight.  
She'll go, you bet ! make no mistake,  
And you can cars or steamboats take,



HEAVY WEIGHTS ON THE SAND.



**From** any point, for all roads tend  
To Coney Island, off Gravesend.  
Should you a stranger be, nor know

The easiest route that you should go,  
Go with the biggest crowd you see,  
And that the favorite route will be.  
It matters not how learned you be,  
How traveled over land and sea ;  
How much you've seen, how much you've read,  
You've got surprises right ahead,  
And sights you never saw before  
You'll see on Coney Island's shore.



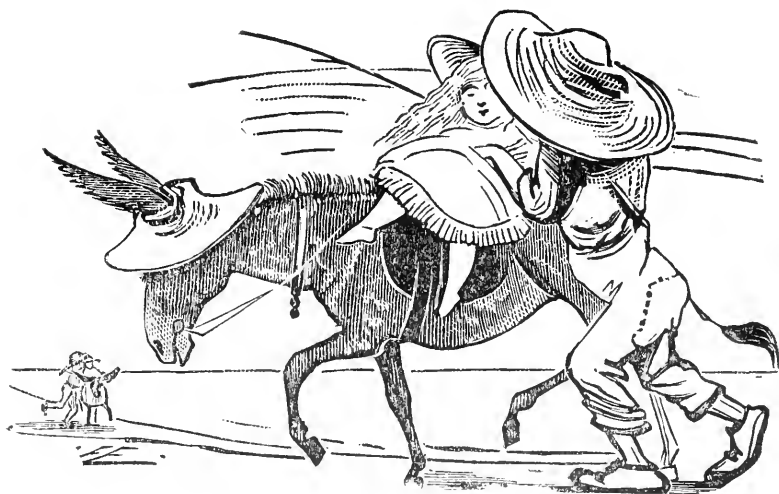
TWO HEARTS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT, UNDER ONE UMBRELLA.



OW poor the grandeur and display,  
How shrinks the shallow pomp away,  
The plaster that the old world sticks,  
To hide its ugly rows of bricks,  
Beside the grandeur of our land  
Displayed on Coney Island's strand.

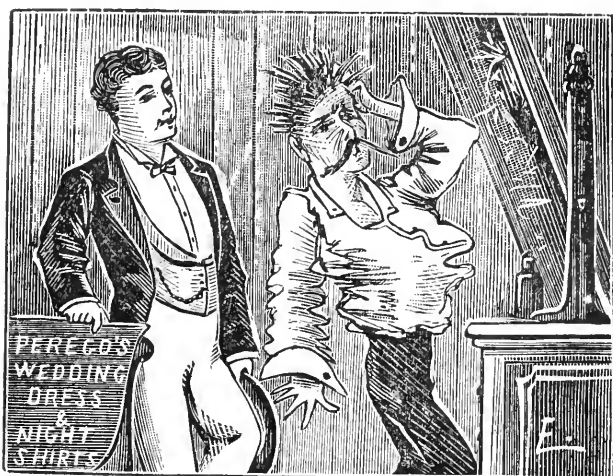


HAT other watering-place can boast  
The vastness of this island's coast?  
Can Newport or Boulogne-Sur-Mer,  
Can Long Branch or Dieppe compare?  
Can any one or all of these  
So woo you to the sounding seas?



WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN

But take advice and ere you go,  
Get your dress shirts of Perego ;  
Be spared the anguish here displayed  
From shirts by some pretender made.



**PEREGO'S SHIRTS**  
TO ORDER.

87 Nassau St., and 128 & 130 Fulton St., N.Y.

But come with me and we'll survey  
The various objects on the way.  
From Norton's, where the steamboats land,  
We gaze for miles adown a strand,  
Where giant waves, with sullen roar,  
Break on the white and glistening shore.

Along this line of tempting beach,  
Hotels and vast pavilions reach ;  
Some safely back upon the land,  
Some standing boldly on the strand  
Tier upon tier, and over these,



ACH nation's banner woos the breeze.  
To name them all it would, I think,  
Use up a "schooner" full of ink ;  
But Rasher's name we cannot pass,  
Who'll furnish "rashers" and a glass ;  
Nor Ryan's, where stage people dine  
And say they get the best of wine.



Tilyou's, which the ladies say,  
Is the best bath-house on the way.  
The Newark House, and Welsh and Gleason,  
Ward's Sea-side House, and Dibb's and Thompson,

Feltman's and Leopold's then are seen,  
While scores unnamed come in between.

THE  
**WENCK**

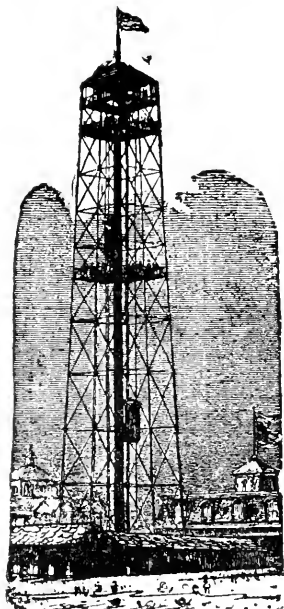
FRAGRANT  
LASTING

DELIGHTFULLY  
REFRESHING

J. WENCK N.Y. PERFUMER

SANGFLORE  
BOUQUET

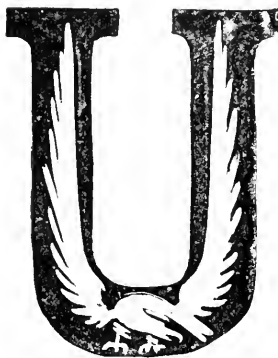
PERFUME MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
126 CHAMBERS ST. N.Y.



CULVER'S TOWER.

Before us now a structure stands  
With iron feet upon the sands,  
That towers full fifty fathoms high,  
Up in a blue and cloudless sky ;  
Higher in air its head it sticks  
Than Babel's famous pile of bricks ;  
And, like this tower, by the same token,  
For here all languages are spoken.

Here daily sail promiscuous crowds,

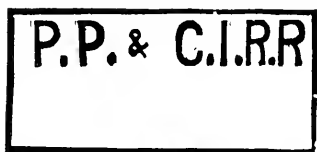


UPON this railway to the clouds ;  
And get, without a thought of fear,  
As high as Jove to drink their beer.  
And on ambrosia getting merry,  
Smile down on all things sublunary.

Around its base on every hand  
Hotels, saloons and gardens stand.



Here is a vast and bright saloon,  
Where bier and music flows in tune,  
Adorned with many a tropic flower—  
'Tis the gay kingdom of the genial Bauer.



O the "Atlantic" do not miss a call,  
And touch your glass with thriving Paul ;  
To thousands he good cheer extends,  
And makes each day ten thousand friends.

Here are the Island's pioneers,  
Culver, and Cable, Vanderveers,  
Who greet their friends successive years.



ND the Grand Union's hand extends  
A welcome to all lady friends ;  
Home comforts and securities  
For ladies, is the Union's "biz."

Here, stretched far out above the tide,  
As Voorhees's bath-house, long and wide,  
Where you can sit and hear the beat  
Of ocean waves beneath your feet ;  
Or, if you bathe, need do no more  
Than drop down through the parlor floor.

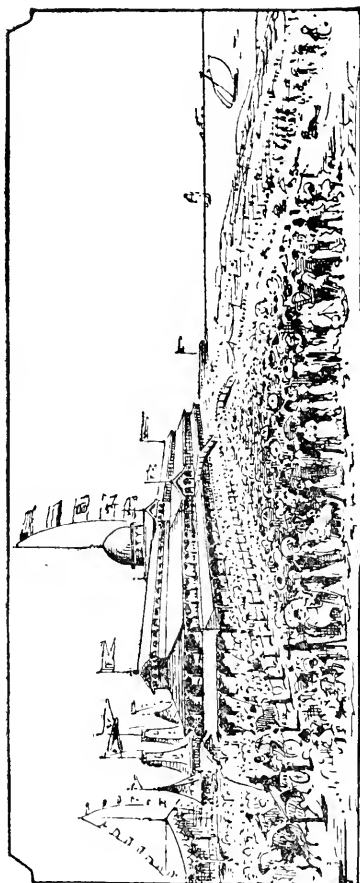
Here the Aquarium meets the eye,  
Which visitors should not pass by,  
And say they've other fish to fry.  
Within, vast rows the eye engages,  
Of wild beasts of the sea, in cages ;  
All kinds, from whales to periwinkles,  
Sun fishes shine, the star fish twinkles,  
Sea monsters, sturgeons, sharks and shrimps,  
On stiff-kneed legs the lobster limps.



Gotham's King David has nobody hurt,  
He emblazons his banners with hope,  
And drives from our midst the Goliath of dirt  
By sending amongst us Prize Soap.  
Try it. You'll like it.

# BRIGHTON BEACH.

---



BRIGHTON BATHING PAVILION AND THE CONCOURSE, WITH PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Half way the Island, now our footsteps reach,  
The New World's Brighton, built on Culver's beach.



HERE stands the Brighton's glittering pile,  
A bright spot on this fairy isle.  
Sweet flowers and faces here abound,  
And makes it seem enchanted ground.  
Here Brooklyn's beauteous dames assemble,  
And make their plainer neighbors tremble.  
With nymphs so fair to tempt the lips,  
No wonder Brooklyn sometimes slips.



CHILDREN AT PLAY ON THE BEACH.

The children, let me not pass them,  
Sweet buds upon the parent stem.

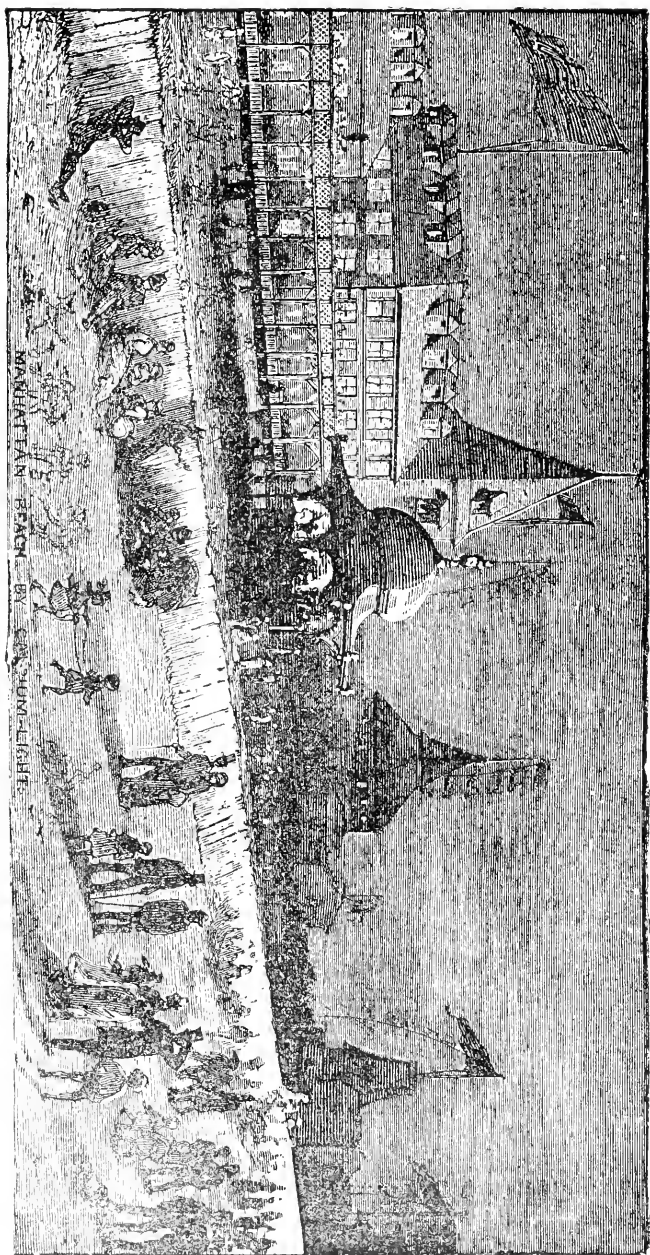


They flit around like butterflies,  
With rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,  
With pink legs bared above the knee,  
Go wading in the shallow sea.  
They dig the sand, the donkeys ride,  
Or round the swift carousal glide,  
At Punch and Judy's quarrels gaze,  
And pass long, happy, healthful days.

Happy nurslings, that I could  
Bring to these shores all baby-hood,  
And bid it breathe the stintless air,  
In Ocean's matchless tonic share ;  
' I would make, I'm sure, the whole world glad,  
And none but bachelors be mad.



A BROOKLYN BEAUTY BATHING AT BRIGHTON BEACH.



# MANHATTAN BEACH.

---



ARTISTS ON THE BEACH.

By all conveyances that reach,  
New Yorkers crowd Manhattan Beach :

They fill the hot land and display  
Themselves in an alarming way.  
Such stacks of people here you'll find,  
It seems no one is left behind,  
But the procession never ceases,  
And mine host Kiefer's joy increases,  
As in his palace by the sea,

He lives and thrives prodigiously.  
In manly garb and female robe,  
New York, (and that takes in the globe,)  
Comes to Manhattan once a day,  
To bathe and hear Graffulla play.

GREAT railroad magnates, bankers, clerks,  
The man who thinks, the man who works,  
With skill or cunning, head or hand,  
All mingle on the level sand;  
And here, on this protean Isle,  
Is seen the widest range of style.



THE NEW YORK GIRL.

Here come the stately New York dames,  
Who boast of Knickerbocker names,  
The girls from Boston and Chicago,  
From New Orleans and Colorado ;  
The Montrealers and Quebeckers,  
The Western girls, great double deckers.  
The Down East girls, tall, queenly misses,  
With saucy mouths just made for—chowder.  
Sweet Philadelphians, calm, sedate  
And even-tempered, like their State.  
Girls who are blonde, and round and pretty,  
The product of rich Cincinnati.  
With melting eyes and tint brunette,  
The maiden from the South is met ;



And those, who anchorites would thaw,  
Drop in from distant Omaha.



THE GIRL FROM BOSTING.

How strange it seems to look and think,  
That on this strip of ocean's brink,  
Here, where a few short years ago  
No foot save ocean's undertow  
Had pressed the sand, there now are seen  
All sizes, up to "broad 14."

That this lone shore and sobbing sea,  
Were all each others company ;

Then, where sandpipers fed and rails,  
Now, fashion drags her silken trails.  
Here, where the grandsires, daring men,  
Braved the fierce quohog in his den,  
Their sons their hardihood revives,  
And hunt around for wealthy wives.  
And daughters, not to be behind them,  
Scoop in good looking men and bind them.



AN HEIRESS FROM NEW ORLEANS.

Here mid't a thronging sea of faces,  
Are types of all Earth's varied races,  
Here all man's comforts and delights  
Cheer in the day and soothe the nights.

*HISTORY OF CONEY ISLAND.*

Napkins and toothpicks when you dine,  
"America," the choicest wine.

And to leave nothing more to need,  
You come or go at Railway speed,  
And if your wearied legs should fail,  
Can promenade the beach by rail.



What healthful influence resides,  
In Coney's sands and ocean tides !  
One hour beside this bounding sea  
Is worth more than the Pharmacy ;  
One breath from off this mighty bay  
Sweeps pain and weariness away ;  
One plunge into its emerald flood,  
Stirs up the sluggish streams of blood.  
Makes the small great, the big feel bigger,  
And flesh and soul renews with vigor.

## HISTORY OF CONEY ISLAND

In olden times this was the cry  
Of travellers, "See Rome and die."  
Now the advice the wise ones give,  
Is "See Manhattan Beach and live."



And when upon this sunny isle,  
You meet a goat who wears a shiny tile,  
Note the inscription gilded in the crown,  
And test its truth when you get back to town.

# Legend of Coney Island.

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Wherein is related a fact of its early history, and which is supposed to be connected with the disappearance in the surf, on July 34th, of an unknown and mysterious gentleman.  
*See papers of that date.*

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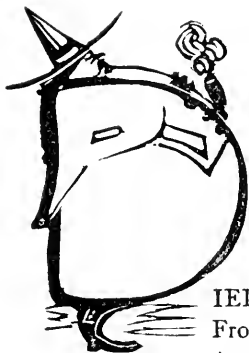
## PART I.



here is no island on the zone,  
But has a legend of its own.  
Some startling romance of its youth,  
Complete in everything but—truth,  
But Coney Island's famous mystery  
Is true—as any of this history.

'Twas told me by an ancient man,  
Past many years the allotted span ;  
Young men may lie, but he was old,  
And vouched for every word he told.

'Way back in Coney's early days,  
Before Ben Butler, Cox or Hays,  
A ruddy Dutchman bore him sway  
From Norton's point to Rockaway.  
Here, like a patroom, at his ease  
He lived, with children at his knees.

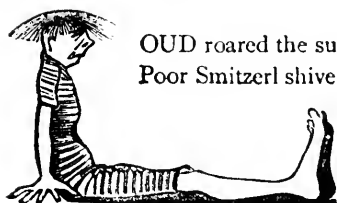


FREDERICK Von Smitzerl was his name,  
From Amsterdam his forebears came,  
And all there was to mar his life,  
Were sundry notions of his wife ;  
For she was active and emphatic,  
In striking contrast to her husband,  
Who was rather round-cornered and lymphatic.

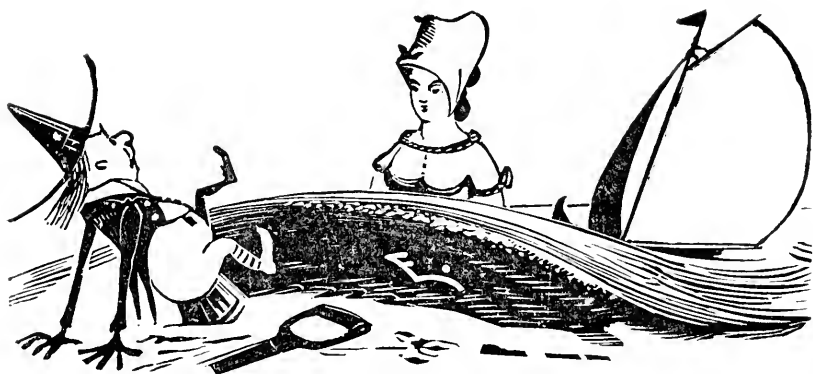
One day, so runs the thrilling tale,  
Frau Smitzerl's appetite did fail  
To herrings, sour-kROUT, wurst and cheese,  
Pretzels, zweibake, and things like these,  
Bologna and Westphalian hams,  
And sent her good man out for clams.



The day was cold, and Smitzerl sighed,  
Quite loth to leave the chimney side,  
But good Frau Smitzerl's way was winning,  
And had been so from the beginning.  
So he with bucket and a spade,  
Tracks for the nearest clam patch made.



He tried for clams, but they were shy—  
The poor man sat him down to cry.  
But while he moaned in misery,  
His salt tears mingling with the sea.



A mermaid from the wave rose dripping,  
And unto Diedrieck's side came tripping,  
As mermaids of this later date  
Would do to one in such a state.  
Into her ears, in accents brief,  
Poor Smitzerl poured his clammy grief.

HISTORY OF CONEY ISLAND.

The maiden's tender-heart was torn,  
To hear how much poor Dirck had borne.  
She clasped his hand, "Come thou with me,"  
She cried, "and you a prince shall be;  
No longer serve so harsh a M's.,  
Who calls for *clams* a day like this is."

"I am a princess, and my throne  
And coral halls shall be your own.  
Then come with me, and we will rule,  
And have our lager, always cool."

Poor Smitzerl scratched his head and turned,  
To where his distant ing'le burned.  
He saw Frau Smitzerl at the door—  
Frau Smitzerl saw him never more.



HAT happened when they went below,  
My old informant didn't know;  
Until one day, come twenty years,  
Herr Diedrich on the shore appears,

Looking as young, and fair and hearty,  
As when he joined the ocean party;  
And so well dressed he ne'er was seen,  
In coat and small clothes, bottle green.  
He seemed to have a mine of "chink,"  
He stood old neighbors all they'd drink.  
But never once went near the door,  
He left so many years before.  
For old Frau Smitzerl was, they told him,  
Still hale and hearty, and might—scold him.

That night again he disappears,  
And for another twenty years  
Dame Smitzerl got along without him;  
The neighbors they forgot about him,



Then suddenly again was seen,  
Dierck and his shining suit of green.  
He seemed still rich, and young and spry  
He found his neighbors old and—dry.



'E eve, a crony as they sat  
ver their lager for a chat,  
Ventured to ask of Smitzerl where  
He kept himself when he wasn't *there*.

At this, Von Smitzerl slyly winked,  
A score of yellow ducats chinked,  
Then to this wondering friend related,  
The story that is here narrated.  
And furthermore, gave him a notion,  
Of high old times beneath the ocean.  
Of emerald bowers, and coral beds,  
Of mermaid blondes with pea green heads,

Of countless treasure, diamond mines,  
Limburger cheese and Hamburg wines,  
And bags of things that in the sea,  
They had at hand full lavishly.  
“His mer-wife was no scold,” he said,  
“No cabbage patch was to be wed;  
No tubs of water had to bring.  
On washdays from a distant spring,  
No wood to chop, no fires to light.  
But just loaf round from morn ’till night,  
With jolly comrades, half seas over,  
And live in luxury and clover.  
And more, we ne’er grow old nor crusty,  
But in the salt keep fresh and lusty.



“He had no wish,” he said, “to stay  
Long from his ocean home away.  
Earth was so dull, and slow, and grim, ;  
One day on shore sufficed for him.”  
He only came for this one reason,  
To see McCue’s Hats in their season.

## PART II.

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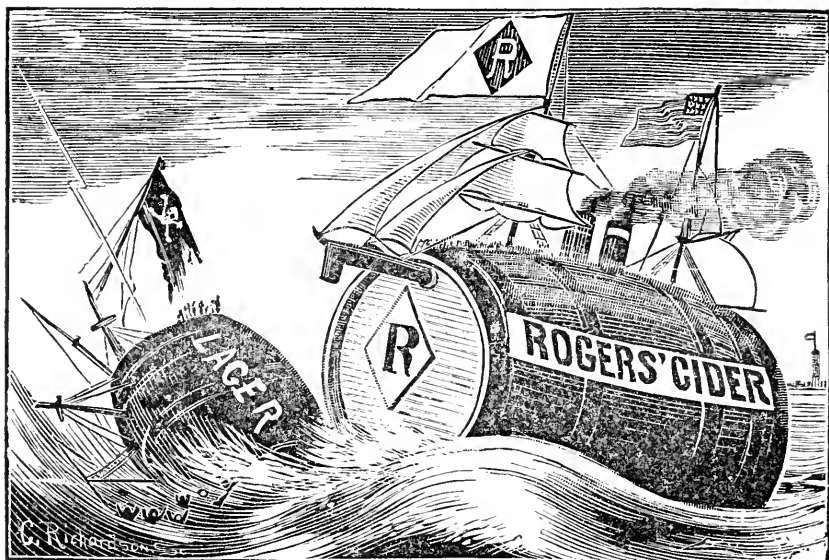
HE years rolled on, the Island grew,  
The old gave way before the new.  
Old Diedrich's neighbors turned to clay,

The children followed in their way.  
New settlers filled the vacant spots,  
And Diedrich's farm was sold in lots.  
His great grand children rolled in pelf,  
And quite forgot old Dirck himself.  
The girls wore laces, silks and things,  
Outside their gloves wore diamond rings ;

Scolded their cooks in Paris talk,  
And tried in "No. 3s" to walk.  
The boys had yachts and four in hands,  
And raised the wind on Smitzerl's lands.  
For where their grandsire's cottage slept,  
A city of hotels was kept.  
His farm, once stocked with cabbages,  
Bloomed now with pretzels and Swiss cheese ;

*HISTORY OF CONEY ISLAND.*

And clam bakes gave a savory mess,  
With Rogers' Vinegar to dress.



The lane became a lighted street,  
Filled by gay teams with prancing feet,  
And on the sands where Smitzerl moped,  
Ere from Frau Smitzerl's sight he sloped,  
Thousands of bathing houses stood,  
And modern mermaids gemmed the flood.



midst of this scene of modern jollity,  
Of gilt-edged sport and fair frivolity,  
A stranger in the throng was seen,  
Clad in a suit of glossy green.  
None knew him, nor from whence he came,  
No hotel clerk could give his name ;

**ROGERS' CIDER & VINEGAR, 187 Washington St., N. Y.**

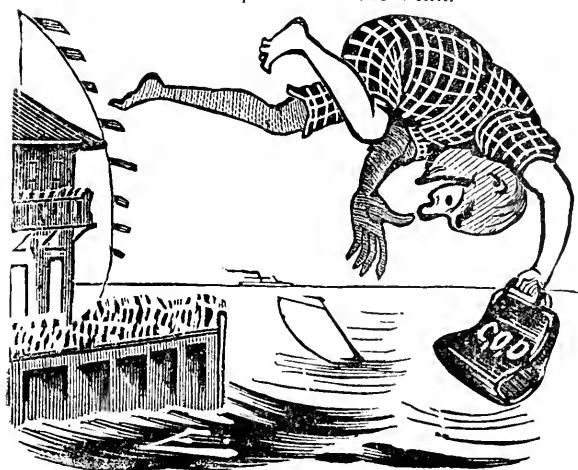
## HISTORY OF CONEY ISLAND.

But still he moved like one of rank,  
And paid for all the beer he drank,  
And paid for all who'd join him, too,  
And these, you bet, were not a few.  
But one thing that seemed rather strange,  
He always gave doubloons for change,  
Though these things seemed of ancient days,  
He dropped right sharp to modern ways.  
On bathing hours he walked the sand,  
A natty cane within his hand,  
Ogled the girls who put on style, and  
That takes all upon the Island.

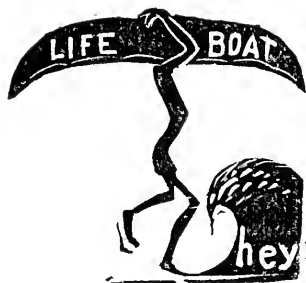
He went in bathing, here a wonder,  
He'd stay an hour the water under,  
And when he came from out the water,  
Would look as dry as any otter.

This put the Beach into a maze,  
That lasted for a score of days,  
At wondering who a man could be  
Who seemed at home when out to sea.  
So deep at last the mystery grew,  
Of guessing on this question "Who?"

The poor man might have been arrested,  
And courts his sanity contested ;  
Have had his life by mobs imperiled,  
Or interviewers on the Herald,  
Had not the stranger seemed to think,  
'Twas time to tip them all the wink.



*HISTORY OF CONEY ISLAND.*

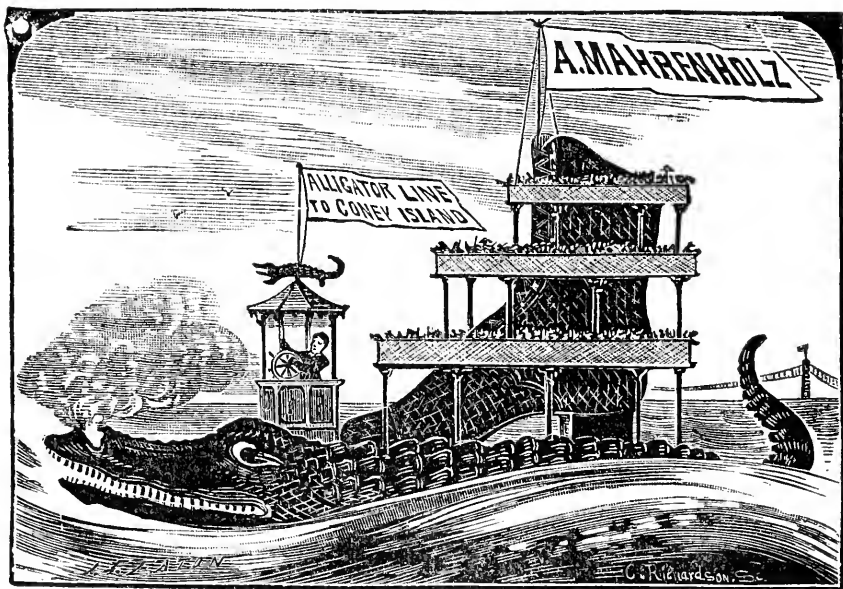


That day he took his usual dip,  
Among the throng from Brighton's slip.  
Then, though the hour and day passed by,  
Was seen no more by mortal eye.

hey launched the life boats, made a stir,  
And then they called the coroner.

But as the body never rose,  
The coroner sat on his clothes.

And after several hours he'd sat,  
He gave as his opinion "that"  
It wasn't worth their while to mind him,  
Because he'd left no name behind him.  
He'd searched all 'round, with care official,  
But couldn't find a blamed initial.



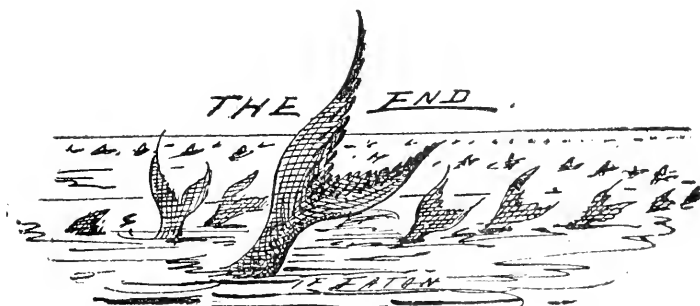
His clothes no finer could be seen,  
Of faultless cut and glassy green;  
And alligator boots he wore,  
From Mahrenholz's famous store;  
And this, the coroner said, proved  
He must in high-toned ranks have moved.

But here came in an incident,  
Which shed some light, far as it went.  
When from the fob his watch they took,  
The jeweler, Sheehan, came to look,  
And he at once did recognize,  
The timepiece by its shape and size,



So one a buyer did select,  
And later, off at sea was wrecked ;  
Though how this man came in possession,  
He couldn't offer a suggestion.

Then as they wondered still the more,  
And pawed the lost man's fixin's o'er,  
A strange occurrence came to view,  
That paled each cheek to ashen hue ;  
The clothes and jewels, watch, and all,  
Seemed slowly shrinking very small,  
Or else their eyes were growing blind.  
Far soon no trace was left behind.  
All, all were gone to mortal view,  
And then, the coroner went too.



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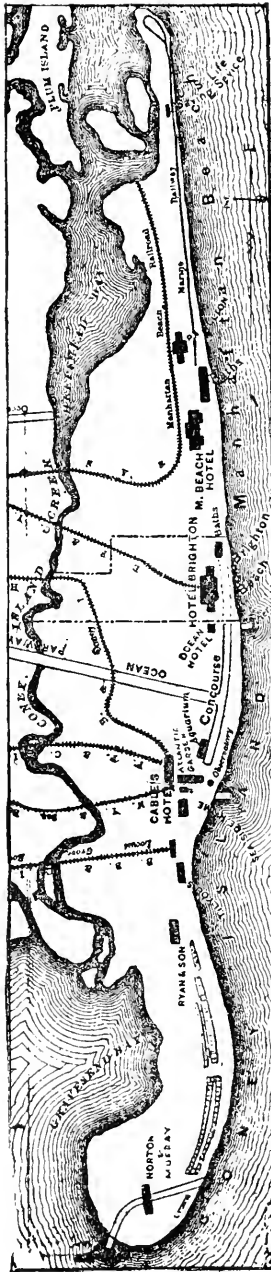
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**JOSEPH BROKAW, President.**

**DAN'L A. SMITH, Secretary,**



**CORRECT MAP OF CONEY ISLAND.**

Distance from Norton's Pier to Norton's Pavilion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile; From Pavilion to New York Pier, 2 miles; From West Brighton Hotel, Cable's, Vanderveer's and New York Pier, to Brighton Hotel,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile; From Brighton Hotel to Manhattan Beach Hotel,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile; From Manhattan Beach Hotel to East End Hotel, 2 miles. Entire length of Island, 5 1-5 miles.

Brooklyn City Hall to Coney Island, 10 miles.



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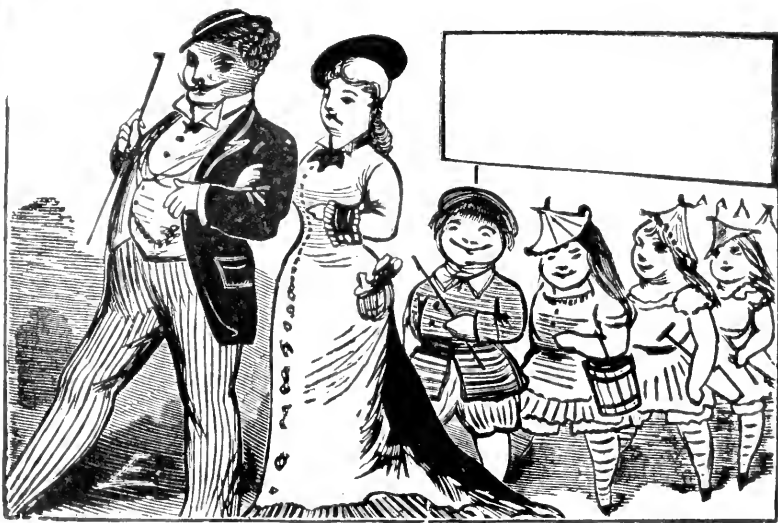
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